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A Biographical sketch of the Rev. James Manning, D. D. formerly President of Brown University.

THE advantages derived from an acquaintance with history and a just application of knowledge drawn from the records of past times in different nations, with a mind capable of discrimination, connected with an honest zeal for the publick good, constitute a great portion of that wisdom so essential in the statesman and politician. But history for the most part consisting of statements of facts, such as the accession and demise of princes, the creation and the fall of ministers of state, the raising of armies, with the details of battles and the conclusion of treaties, leaves the inquisitive mind destitute of that moral improvement, that rational, candid, and enlarged mode of thinking, which biography, so necessarily connected with the state and progress of society, is calculated to promote. History, simply considered, leaves the mind disquieted and disgusted with those evils and miseries which seem from their constant accession entailed on the human race, and it can only be relieved by turning aside from the glaring and imposing view of successful violence, from the efforts of patriotism to relieve itself from usurpation, and, not unfrequently, sinking in the struggle, by casting our eyes on the no less interesting but milder shades of the picture, and by contemplating the more retired and amiable traits of character, as exhibited in the lives of individuals and by witnessing the progress of science

and virtue, under the fostering hand of their distinguished patrons.

To those whose reading must necessarily be circumscribed, biography will be most useful, as it connects with the life of every eminent person, if faithfully delineated, a portion of the history of the times in which he lived, with incidents elucidating the manners and state of society, with which he must have been conversant. Without taking into consideration its inspiration, the scripture history is without all doubt, rendered more interesting and instructive by combining with the rise and progress of nations so great a portion of Biography. This is an advantage of which few histories are possessed, except we give the name of history to those fables which pretend to describe the origin of the States of Greece and Italy. In the United States, without a court and without a monarchy, individual citizens or associations of men, will have an influence at all times in the measures of government, and which will always connect the private history of such individuals with the publick annals.

We will not lengthen these preliminary observations to detain the reader from the object we have in view, which is some biographical notices of a man, who was admired as a citizen, a christian, and as a minister of the gospel, and highly respected as the founder and head of a great and increasing literary establishment in this State.

The Rev. James Manning was born in Elizabethtown, New-Jersey, October 22, 1738. From the piety of his family and the respectable standing of his connections, he early enjoyed the benefit of good examples in aid of wise and prudent counsel, and was not exposed to the pernicious influence and contagion of corrupt manners and profanity, as children in larger towns generally are. Those indeed, who enjoyed his society or were only occasionally in conversation with him, after he arrived at mature age, could testify that such ease and elegance of manners, such chaste and pure language, combined with such habitual gravity, could never have been grafted on an impure stock, but must have commenced with his earliest years and grown with his growth.

At what age he became the subject of peculiar religious impressions we are not informed, but have reason to think it was

at an early date, as the great revival of religion in this country as well as in Europe commenced in the year 1742, and for several succeeding years the light which first broke forth under the preaching of Mr. Whitefield continued to spread, till every corner of the land rejoiced in the brightness of its rays; he did not, however, become a member of a church till he was about 20 years of age.

After receiving the first rudiments of education in the family and in the village school, he was placed with the Rev. Mr. Eaton of Hopewell, where he fitted for college and was entered at Princeton. While he was a member of college he occasionally returned to Hopewell and assisted Mr. Eaton in the instruction of the young gentlemen under his care. He graduated in 1762. Soon after he left college he entered on the sacred and highly responsible office of the ministry, and commenced preaching at Morristown, in the northern part of Jersey. Here as well as in every place in which he was called to preach, his services were highly acceptable; and the people of his native town pressingly invited him to settle with them; this he declined, as his intention was to travel through several of the colonies, to learn the state of religion and to improve himself for more extensive usefulness by an acquaintance with the manners and the state of society at large.

March 23, 1763, he married Miss Margaret Stites, the daughter of John Stites, Esq. of Elizabethtown, a lady possessed of those elegant accomplishments and superiour qualities, which so well accorded with the publick and social character of her husband, and which proved to them both, during his life, a source of comfort and domestick felicity. Towards the close of the same year, Mr. Manning was invited by the Baptist church in Warren, R. I. to settle with them, as their pastor; he was accordingly ordained, and soon after opened a Latin school in that place.

In every age of the church, even in times of the grossest darkness and superstition, it has pleased God to raise up those who were the lights of their time, many of whom were so highly favoured as to have their influence extend to enlighten the neigh-

bouring nations and to cast their beams on succeeding generations. God has never left his church without faithful witnesses; and since the period of the reformation, the lustre of divine truth has been displayed in every protestant country by a constant succession of faithful ministers; even of those who have stood in the first rank as heralds of the gospel salvation, the number has been so large as to render their history impracticable. Dr. Manning is not therefore, brought into view merely as an eminent divine, though in this character there were few before him; but as the founder of Rhode-Island college he appears in a peculiar and interesting light. If we consider the time and the circumstances in which he commenced his plan, we shall admire the boldness of the conception, and in its progress, the efforts and energy of a strong and capacious mind. The idea of establishing a college with an express provision in the charter, that the President and a majority of the corporation should be of the Baptist denomination, was favourably received by the influential and learned part of the sect. They very properly considered that all the principal seminaries of learning in the colonies, as well as in the mother country, were in the hands of other denominations, and they were likely to continue so, although there were no such restrictions in the articles of their foundation. That a college on the plan proposed would draw the attention of their members generally to the subject of education, and in time produce a supply of learned men, to fill the ministerial office. Among the ardent friends to the new institution were a number of gentlemen of large property in the town of Providence from whose exertions Mr. Manning had reason to expect the most substantial support. Some opposition however, was expected in the General Assembly to the grant of a charter of incorporation, as the sine qua non of the President being of a particular denomination was not of that popular character to permit it to pass without objections.

The greatest obstacle to the establishment of literary institutions generally arises from the circumstance of its being necessary and proper to establish them. The most enlightened are ever in favour of them, but the ignorant inhabitants of a village will

ever oppose the building a school house, or the employing a school master; and when religious dogmas are united with pre-conceived prejudices the error becomes invincible. The Baptist churches from the first settlement of this colony were divided in sentiment on several doctrinal points, and they were not united by any common mode of government or union of discipline. They had construed such texts as, *Wisdom cometh down from above*, in so literal and strict a sense, as to preclude its approach through the medium of the senses. Many of the early ministers of this church inculcated the doctrine of immediate and special inspiration, as afforded in every effectual effort of the preacher, and that human learning, by mixing with the operations of the mind, either in preacher or hearer, would tend to confusion and error, and render their worship unacceptable. It is easy to see that these opinions, although originally derived from the pure and scriptural doctrine of the divine influences of the Holy Spirit, would be abused by the popular feelings of ignorant men, and that human learning and head knowledge, as it was called, would be viewed with jealousy, if not with contempt. Against these prejudices in many of his brethren Mr. Manning had to contend in the establishment of the college; but they fortunately were not so prevalent in Newport and Providence, or in those towns composing the small county of Bristol; and among his friends in these places he received the most ready assistance. A question arose as to the most eligible place for erecting the college edifice, and although it divided the exertions of its friends, did not perhaps, on the whole, retard its progress. The first impressions among those who were disposed to subscribe towards erecting the building fixed the site in the town of Warren, from the circumstance of the residence of the proposed President and his connection with the church in that place, as its pastor; but Newport and Providence proposed their claims, and they were for some time urged with such arguments as were supposed by each to be weighty and conclusive. At length it was proposed that the amount of money subscribed in the several places proposed for its location should decide. This had the effect to make the several subscriptions conditional; each

subscriber agreeing to pay the sum by him offered, on the building being erected in the place designated. The charter was granted by the General Assembly in 1765, and the fellows and trustees named therein immediately assembled and elected Mr. Manning President. A number of students were ready for admission, and the first commencement was held in Warren, September, 1769. The college edifice was built in Providence in 1770, and we understand the whole expense defrayed by money contributed in this town and county. The members of the Brown family together with the Hon. Daniel Jenckes of Providence were those who contributed most liberally. The President and other officers with the students removed to this town in May, 1770. In the beginning of the year 1767, the Rev. Morgan Edwards of Philadelphia, embarked for England on a special mission to solicit contributions in that kingdom and in Ireland, to form a fund especially appropriated for the permanent salary of the President. This worthy and most indefatigable man, whose zeal for the respectable establishment of the college induced him to offer himself for this service, obtained in the two kingdoms a considerable amount, which he regularly transmitted in bills of exchange, as he collected the money to purchase them, that the interest might be accumulating previous to his arrival. He was absent on this business more than a year and a half.

The removal of the young institution from Warren and establishing the same in the town of Providence, was necessary to its existence and prosperity; but it was an event in which the tenderest feelings of the President were involved. His connection with the church in Warren and the affection he bore its members, many of whom were united to it under his ministry, he felt to be near his heart, and he looked to the hour of separation with such emotions as made him wish to avoid it. He proposed to his friends to resign the Presidency, but on this question they scarcely had patience to hear him. On this subject the Rev. Morgan Edwards wrote him from Philadelphia as follows: "I cannot help being angry with you when you talk of another President; have you endured so much hardship in vain? We

have no man that will do so well as you—talk no more—think no more of quitting the Presidency unless you have a mind to join issue with those projectors and talkers who mean no more than to hinder any thing from being done. If you go to Providence the Warren people may have a supply ; if they were willing to part with you it is likely the college would have no reason to covet you.”

The college being established, acquired a reputation and character which answered the sanguine expectations of its patrons, the number of the students increased, and many of its sons have shone with distinguished honour in the councils of the nation, as well as in several of the learned professions, and the church of Christ in her various branches, and different denominations rejoice in the light which under the divine blessing has been scattered in her paths. The fears which arose from the restrictive clauses in the charter that it would be conducted on a sectarian plan have subsided ; and although the college is now known and distinguished by the name of Brown University, in honour of its most liberal benefactor, yet the streams which annually issue from this fountain of science will bear the name of Manning with increasing honour and renown to future generations.

The church and society in Providence had increased to such extent since Mr. Manning took the charge of them, that it became necessary to erect a new house of worship, and with a view to the accommodation of the college in the holding their publick commencements, it was determined to build it in a stile of elegance, and of such dimensions as should surpass any belonging to this denomination ; this was effected in the year 1774.

In 1775, the war between Great-Britain and the thirteen colonies commenced ; in December 1776, a British army commanded by Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Percy, took possession of Rhode-Island and the other islands in Narraganset bay. Providence became a garrison town for the American army. The students had before been dismissed, and the college was made a barrack for the militia, and afterwards a hospital for the French army commanded by Count Rochambeau. The President had the mortification to see the interior of this noble edifice defaced

and ruined, and the funds, which were chiefly in the treasury of the State, resolved into broken promises. While the British army had possession of Rhode-Island, they made a *sudden incursion* to Warren, the former seat of the college, and within ten miles of Providence, and by setting fire to stores and military stations consumed a considerable part of the town. During this time of general suffering and distress, even the common schools were abandoned, and the youth were growing up in ignorance, or perishing in the war.

The President being thus released from any duty in college had the more time to devote to his friends and to the ministerial office. He enjoyed the confidence of the General commanding in this department, and in one instance in particular had all the benevolent feelings of his heart gratified even at the last moment, after earnest entreaty, by obtaining from General Sullivan an order of reprieve for three men of the regular army who were sentenced to death by that inexorable tribunal, a court martial. The moment he obtained the order revoking the sentence, he mounted his horse at the General's door, and by pushing him to his utmost speed arrived at the place of execution at the instant the last act had begun which was to precipitate them into eternity. With a voice which none could disobey, he commanded the execution to stay, and delivered the General's order to the officer of the guard. The joy of the attending crowd seemed greater than that of the subjects of mercy; they were called so suddenly to life from the last verge of death, they did not for a moment feel that it was a reality.

The repeated calls of the Militia while the enemy remained in this State, operated with peculiar severity; in some districts the ground could not be planted, and in others the harvest was not reaped in season; the usual abundance of the earth fell short, and he who had the best means of supply frequently had to divide his store with a suffering neighbour: in addition to this, laws existed in several states, prohibiting the transport of provisions beyond the state boundary. The plea for these restrictions was that there was danger of the enemy being supplied; but the real cause was to retain the provisions for the purpose of furnishing their State's

quota of troops, as the war was generally carried on by the energy of the governments of the individual states. These restrictions came with double weight on the citizens of Rhode-Island, as a great part of the State was in possession of the enemy, and the remainder was filled with those who had fled from the islands and the coast for safety. These restrictions and prohibitions were variously modified, as representations were made from one state to another, but under all their variations, which referred chiefly to the mode of executing the law, the grievance was the same. The Governour and Council of War of this State, wishing to give their language of remonstrance, a power of impression which paper could not be made to convey, commissioned Doctor Manning to repair to Connecticut and represent personally to the government of that State our peculiar situation, and to confer with, and propose to them, a different mode of procedure. The Doctor in this embassy obtained all that he desired, the restrictions were removed, and in addition to this, on his representation of the circumstances of the refugees from the Islands, contributions, in money or provisions, were made in nearly all the parishes in the interior of Connecticut, and forwarded for their relief.

On the return of peace, the College was purified and refitted for the reception of the scholars, and in a few years it was not only re-established, but had a considerable accession of numbers; although every thing in the publick state of the country operated to the discouragement of learning as well as of every improvement which depends on mutual confidence and stability. Every State was an independent sovereignty. The Articles of Confederation, instead of removing all cause of jealousy, and preventing a spirit of rivalship, served rather to convince the larger maritime states that they could exercise power and control the interests of others with impunity. The clashing of different systems of finance tended to embarrass commerce, and clog the intercourse arising from mutual relations, which a more liberal policy would have left free. The stagnation of trade was not only witnessed on the wharf, and in the counting room, but was felt in the remotest log-house in the interior of the country.

During this state of depression and perplexity, Doctor Manning was by a unanimous resolution of the General Assembly appointed to represent the State in Congress.

He pleaded his connection with the College as a sufficient reason for resigning the appointment to Congress; but many of the corporation were gentlemen of high political standing, and regarding the interests of the College as involved in the publick character of the State, and the course of publick measures, advised him to take his seat in Congress, and to designate a suitable person to preside in his absence; this, considering the unanimity of his choice, and the urgent desire of many of his friends, he was induced to do. As the old congress always sat with closed doors, the publick could not decide on the relative merits of the members by any of their proceedings; this estimate must be made from knowledge drawn from other sources, from the publick and private character of the several individuals; and in this comparison Rhode-Island had nothing to fear in the present instance. But the efforts of the wisest men were vain, the disease under any regimen was incurable, nothing could save the body politick but a new constitution. In 1787, the convention met at Philadelphia, and proposed a union of the States under a new form of government, to be ratified by conventions of the several States. A small number of the States adopted this constitution without hesitation, but in most of them it met with great opposition.

In Massachusetts, the federalists and anti-federalists, as the friends and enemies of the constitution were pleased to stile themselves, were nearly equal in number: when the convention met in Boston for the ratification or rejection of this most important instrument, the deepest solicitude was excited throughout the continent; on that important state, the fate of the National Government was supposed to depend. Unhappily former animosities and jealousies were awakened, and almost every man who ever supposed himself aggrieved by any former measures of the State government seemed enlisted in opposition to the adoption of this constitution; even the men who the year before had carried arms in open rebellion against the authority of the State, were now the most opposed to transferring part of that authority from the State

to the United States. Many, from the purest and most honourable motives, were in opposition from a mistaken opinion that by refusing to adopt they might be able to have it amended, or altered, so as to be less objectionable. Doctor Manning was extremely solicitous for its ratification; he viewed the situation of the country with all the light of a statesman and a philosopher, and as a prudent and well informed citizen, he took his measures accordingly. He had saved the college funds through the fluctuations and storms of one revolution, and he now saw them dissipated and lost forever, unless the new form of government should be established. He knew that several clergymen with whom he was connected in the bonds of religious union were members of the convention, and that they were generally opposed to the ratification. He therefore repaired to Boston, and attended the debates and proceedings of the convention. His most valued and intimate friend, the Rev. Doctor Stillman, was one of the twelve representatives of the town of Boston in the Convention, and zealous for the adoption, and in their frequent intercourse with their friends who were members, they endeavoured to remove the objections of such as were in the opposition; in this they were assisted by the Rev. Doctor Smith, of Haverhill, who was also a fellow of Rhode-Island College, and ardently attached to its interests; with the Rev. Isaac Backus, who was a delegate from the town of Middleborough, and considered one of the most powerful men of the anti-federal party; they were not able to succeed. The question of ratification was finally carried by a majority of nineteen, after a full and able discussion. The writer of these sketches well recollects the cordial congratulations with which Doctor Manning greeted his friends on the decision of this convention, after his return from Boston. The joy, however, was not complete till Rhode-Island had acceded to the union, which event took place more than a year after the organization of the government by the other States.

In reviewing the lives of eminent men, even where *their aims were various as the roads they took in journeying through life*, we discover a superintending Providence. The God of nature is also the God of grace, In the beginning he said, Let there be light, and

there was light. This light continues to shine with undiminished lustre; but that with which he illumined the minds of our first parents became obscured, and their posterity groped in darkness. To restore the light of intellectual knowledge, he was pleased to reveal himself to the patriarchs and prophets in different and various manifestations. Although all true wisdom and philosophy is necessarily connected with piety, and a belief in the being and glorious attributes of the Deity, yet he hath caused many, in almost every age of the world, who knew him not, or, acknowledging him, had no desire to be obedient to his will, even those he has caused to promote his designs, by making their ambition or their pride eventually conduce to the promotion of knowledge and virtue.

Cardinal Ximenes, the same Prime Minister of Spain, who established the bloody Inquisition, was induced, either by pride or patriotism, to establish the university of Alcala, which perhaps has tended in a great measure to defeat the cruel purposes of that tribunal, and may eventually be the cause of its total abolition.

William of Wykeham, by the revenues drawn from his rich diocese of Winchester, in the reign of Edward the Third, founded a college at Oxford, for the education of a Roman Catholick priesthood; but the scholars educated in this seminary proved some of the most powerful instruments in the hands of God for demolishing the papal superstition in England, and promoting the progress of the Reformation, and it has since continued to send forth light and knowledge into the world, and the churches of America have felt and rejoiced in its enlivening influence. He causeth superstition and pride, as well as *the wrath of man, to praise him, yet his delight is in those that fear him, and the works of their hands will he prosper.* This has been remarkably the case with the universities in this country; they have generally been founded by pious and holy men; men who had a view to the glory of God in the promotion of learning. This was the character of Harvard when he left his estate to establish a college at Cambridge. And this was eminently the character of Wheelock, and of Manning, the founders of Dartmouth College, and of Brown University.

When Doctor Manning commenced his Latin School in Warren, the income derived from it, together with what he received from the Society, was barely sufficient for his support; yet he had courage to commence this great work; and he soon roused a spirit and a zeal in others in some measure resembling that which actuated the builders of the second Temple. While the funds were providing, while the building was in progress, and his attention devoted to the students under his care, still the resources of his mind were equal to the constant and regular discharge of the duties of the Ministry. His mind was so enriched with the treasures of scripture, that he never was at a loss for a subject even at a moment's notice, and even in this case his arguments flowed in regular connection with great propriety of language and elegance of expression. His exhortations were powerful and impressive.

It is said of Cicero that he was the only instance among the ancients of the same person embracing the various arts and sciences, and excelling in each, and the instances among the moderns are few; of those who excel in more than one, the number is small; Doctor Manning might be said to excel in four principal and important vocations—as a statesman and legislator, as president of the university, as a minister of the Gospel, and as a practical farmer and husbandman, he had but few equals.

We shall close these sketches in the language in which his sudden and lamented death was noticed in the publick papers of this town; and an extract from the sermon delivered to the bereaved church and congregation, by Mr. Maxcy, then a professor in the college, the Sabbath after his funeral.

“ Providence, August 6, 1791.

“ ON Friday morning the 29th ult. at four o'clock, departed this life, at his house in this town, the Rev. JAMES MANNING, D. D. President of Rhode Island College, in the 53d year of his age.

“ He was born in New Jersey, and educated at Nassau Hall. Soon after he left College, he was called to the work of the ministry, by the Baptist church at the Scotch Plains, near Elizabeth Town.

“ After making tours to each extreme of the United States (then colonies) and preaching to different destitute churches in sundry places, he removed with his family to Warren in this State, preached to the

“ church there, and opened a Latin school. In the year 1765, he obtained a charter of incorporation for Rhode Island College, of which he was chosen president. In the year 1770, the College was removed here, and he came with it of course, where he has since presided, and till of late years preached statedly to the Baptist church in this town.

“ In his youth he was remarkable for his dexterity in athletick exercises, for the symmetry of his body, and gracefulness of his person. His countenance was stately and majestick, full of dignity, goodness, and gravity; and the temper of his mind was a counterpart of it. He was formed for enterprize, his address was pleasing, his manners enchanting, his voice harmonious, and his eloquence irresistible.

“ Having deeply imbibed the spirit of truth himself, as a preacher of the gospel, he was faithful in declaring the whole counsel of God. He studied plainness of speech, and to be useful more than celebrated. The good order, learning, and respectability of the Baptist churches in the eastern states, are much owing to his assiduous attention to their welfare. The credit of his name, and his personal influence among them, perhaps have never been exceeded by any other character.

“ Of the College he must be considered as the founder. He presided with the singular advantage of a superiour personal appearance, added to all his shining talents for governing and instructing youth. From the first beginning of his Latin school at Warren, through many discouragements, he has by constant care and labour raised this seat of learning to notice, to credit, and to respectability in the United States. Perhaps the history of no other College will disclose a more rapid progress, or greater maturity in the course of about twenty-five years.

“ Although he seemed to be consigned to a sedentary life, yet he was capable of more active scenes. He had paid much attention to the government of his country, and had been honoured by this state with a seat in the old Congress. In state affairs he discovered an uncommon degree of sagacity, and might have made a figure as a politician.

“ In classical learning he was fully competent to the business of his station. He devoted less time than some others, to the study of the more abstruse sciences, but nature seemed to have furnished him so completely, that little remained for art to accomplish. The resources of his genius were great. In conversation he was at all times pleasant and entertaining. He had as many friends as acquaintance, and took no less pains to serve his friends than acquire them.

“ His death is a loss, not to the College or Church only, but to the world. He is lamented by the youth under his care, by the churches, by his fellow-citizens, and wherever his name has been heard, in whatever

"quarter of the civilized earth, the friends of science, of virtue and humanity, will drop a tender tear on the news of his death.

"His amiable lady, the wife of his youth, and the boast of her sex, with all her fortitude of mind, which is great, must have sunk under the distressing loss, were she not sustained by Divine Grace. May heaven continue to support her, for earth must have lost its charms. Few persons ever enjoyed a more excellent constitution, or better health formerly, than the doctor; but increasing corpulence gave him some complaints of ill health, of late years.

"At the last annual meeting of the corporation of the College, he requested them to look out for a successor in his place. On the last Sabbath in April, he preached his farewell sermon in the Baptist church in Providence; and on Lord's day morning, July the 24th, as he was at prayer in his family, he was seized with a fit of the apoplexy, in which he remained mostly insensible, till Friday the 29th, about four o'clock in the morning, when he died.

"On Saturday his remains were carried into the College Hall, where his funeral was attended, and a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, and afterwards deposited in the north burial place in this town.

"Order of the Procession.

"STUDENTS.

"STEWARDS.

"GRADUATES, OR SONS OF THE COLLEGE.

"TUTORS.

"PROFESSORS FORBES AND WEST.

"THE CORPSE.

"MOURNERS IN A COACH.

"CHANCELLOR OF THE COLLEGE.

"MEMBERS OF THE CORPORATION.

"CLERGY.

"PHYSICIANS.

"MEMBERS OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

"CITIZENS IN GENERAL.

"The funeral is thought to have been the most numerous and respectable ever attended in the town of Providence."

The following is an extract from Mr. Maxy's funeral discourse :

"The attentive gravity of this church and congregation, evinces that they sensibly feel the stroke of that enemy that has laid their friend in dust. He has been a 'light to your feet;' he has been a 'lamp to your path.' To you he has been a guide to the road of life. Often did he come

“to you ‘in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.’ Oft did
 “his tongue announce to you ‘glad tidings of great joy.’ But alas!
 “it is now silent for ever. Those of you who have been brought to the
 “knowledge of the truth, under his ministry, must, on the present mournful
 “occasion, be deeply affected. You have lost a father indeed. In his last
 “affectionate address to you from this place, when he bade you farewell,
 “when he expressed the improbability of his ever preaching to you again,
 “you could not restrain your tears. Sorrow, indeed, must now fill your
 “hearts, because his face no more will be seen in the land of the living.
 “Remember that God gave, and that God took away. Hear his voice—
 “‘Be still, and know that I am GOD.’

“The loss of this worthy man will be felt by the community at large.
 “He moved in an extensive sphere. He was equally known in the reli-
 “gious, the political, and literary world. As his connexions were exten-
 “sive and important, his loss must be proportionably great. As a man, he
 “was kind, humane, and benevolent. As he was sociable, as he was com-
 “municative, he seemed rather designed for the theatre of action than for
 “the shades of retirement. Nature had given him distinguished abilities.
 “His life was a scene of anxious labour for the benefit of others. His
 “piety and fervent zeal in preaching the gospel of Christ, evinced his
 “love to his God and to his fellow men. His eloquence was forcible and
 “spontaneous. To every one who heard him, under the peculiar circum-
 “stances in which he appeared in this place, it was evident that the re-
 “sources of his mind were exceedingly great. The amiableness of his dispo-
 “sition was recommended by a dignified and majestick appearance. His
 “address was manly, familiar and engaging. His manners were easy with-
 “out negligence, and polite without affectation. In the College over
 “which he presided, his government was mild and peaceful; conducted
 “by that persuasive authority, which secures obedience while it conciliates
 “esteem. As he lived much beloved, he died much lamented. Well may
 “we say that ‘a great man is fallen.’ O how is the amiable, the wor-
 “thy, the benevolent, fallen! Though fallen, yet shall he rise; for his
 “last enemy shall be destroyed. The Lord himself shall descend from
 “Heaven with a shout, and with the voice of the archangel, and with the
 “trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise.’ Then shall the man
 “be delivered from the ‘bondage of corruption,’ to ‘shine like the sun in
 “the firmament.’ Cease then to mourn, dry up your tears; submit to
 “Him ‘which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty;’
 “submit to Him who is, ‘the first begotten of the dead, the Prince of the
 “kings of the earth, who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own
 “blood;’ to him let us ascribe ‘glory and dominion for ever and ever.’
 “AMEN.”

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

DISSERTATION ON HONOUR.

IN deciding on the merit of any principle of action, two material questions will arise; the one, whether its motives are consonant to reason and religion, the other, whether its effects are conducive to the virtue and happiness of mankind. For though good may accidentally proceed from evil, the evil is not therefore justified; and when, on the other hand, good does not follow, there will be reasonable ground to apprehend that the principle itself is vicious or mistaken.

In conformity to these rules it will be advisable to examine, first, the nature and propriety of a sense of honour, and then to submit its merits to the final test of tried and general utility.

To arrive at a knowledge of the first, little more perhaps is necessary than calmly and dispassionately to look round on the practice of the world, and appeal to our own minds for the causes of what we see and feel. If we separate our ideas of honour from their political trappings and accidental varieties, if we reduce its laws to their simple and original principles, we shall find that they all have a common and manifest dependance on that sort of educated self love, which, when excessive, we stigmatise by the name of pride, as we do its opposite extreme by the reproach of meanness.

I call it *educated* because it is not like the appetites immediately derived from the bodily wants or propensities (of the only senses which are, properly speaking, natural) but from an acquired and artificial combination of them, which it seems the earliest business of education to produce, to stimulate, and to apply. It would in fact be easy to shew that this principle like every other, is generated by the external operation of pleasure or pain; and that pride, honour and ambition, with all their kindred habits, are little more than a very simple modification of hope.

Be that however as it may, it is unquestionable that by whatever means we acquire it, the habit of self respect is productive

of effects on the human mind at once remarkable and advantageous; so much may at least be inferred from the general sentiments and experience of the world. Even those who abound the most in unmeaning invective against what they call pride, and the selfish principle, are themselves obliged to submit to the uncontrollable laws of human nature and human feelings, if not in theory at least in practice, by endowments, by distinctions, and by rewards; they too find it necessary to train up youth to the desire of praise, and teach them to feel the luxury of self approbation.

For praise and external distinctions are only so far agreeable as they confirm us in our own esteem. All indeed that they really inform us of, is that we are justified in maintaining high thoughts of ourselves, and may reasonably expect from the world that love, that reverence, and all those other advantages which we are taught to consider as the peculiar birthright of merit. In the first stage of this habit of self respect, it is from an anticipation of these advantages that all our pleasure is derived, till at length the combination of ideas becomes less perceptible, and from the satisfaction we habitually feel on receiving it, the promissory note is itself considered as sterling.

Having thus ascertained its leading principles, the definition of honour is easy and obvious. A sense of honour then, is a pleasurable reflection on our own merit, occasioned by the presumption of our claim on the love and reverence of the world. It differs indeed from virtue, as the hopes on which it is founded are more gross and more uncertain; but it agrees with it, both deriving like virtue, its immediate reward from the heart, and as producing, when well directed, a similar effect on the conduct. I say when well directed, because it must occasionally happen that by a faulty or too narrow perception of utility, the stream of honour may be poisoned at its very source, and a local or mistaken interest be preferred to the broad principles of general justice and expediency. It is thus we must account for that unavoidable difference of sentiment which some have endeavoured to illustrate by distinctions of true and false honour; but which as it depends not on positive but on relative merit, is by its na-

ture as variable as the wants and wishes of mankind, and receives a bias from every trifling and indefinite circumstance of time, of climate and government. When well directed however, (and its direction is very seldom entirely pernicious) few arguments should seem necessary to prove the advantage of a reward thus cheap, a motive thus effectual.

If we were only roused to action by the prospect of immediate gratification, or the pressure of immediate pain, virtue and enterprise were alike at an end. We see it daily and hourly in the example of those contemptible spirits in whom the habit we are now discussing is faint or extinguished, their views are short and indistinct, their hopes and wishes grovelling, their actions without vigour, and the whole system of their energies paralyzed by a sullen and indolent content. But thus by a happy and even imperceptible combination of ideas, our desires are extended to a larger field, our self love acquires a nobler form, and for our own sake, (if the expression may be allowed) we are induced to disregard ourselves.

It is true that this, correctly speaking, is the appropriate province of reason; but in the weakness and short sightedness of human nature, we cannot but discover the utility of so powerful a species of auxiliary impulse, where the motive is always at hand, and which derives a never failing influence from the very consciousness of our own existence.

We must not however, confound a sense of honour with the indolent and lowly pride of the epicurean divinities. Self respect without reference to the rest of mankind, either never existed at all, or only where the understanding has been impaired. Founded originally on the opinion of others, to that opinion it must always appeal; and must purchase by courtesy, by kindness, and by self denial, that friendship and applause which alone can confirm and justify the surest exultations of the heart.

Nor can this deference to the feelings and understanding of our fellow-creatures be considered as a slavish or imprudent submission; while we acknowledge the occasional blindness of popular sentiment, let it not be forgotten that the general tendency and especially on subjects connected with private morals, has

always been favourable to virtue. I know not whether we are to ascribe this fortunate agreement to the dictates of long and universal experience, or whether we must not rather seek the cause in that artless instinct of morality, that native perception of right and wrong which would if real, identify without a rhetorical figure, the voice of the people with the voice of God.

Nor is it only by an appeal to our hopes and wishes that a sense of honour maintains its influence. Shame which may be defined the sorrow of pride, is a feeling so strange and so terrible, that while every other suffering may be endured with firmness, or thought of with indifference, this is the only punishment which no strength can sustain, no power avert; to which the very greatest are not superiour, and of which the very boldest confess their fears.

Such are the rewards and such the penalties of a sense of honour; the extent of their power may be estimated from the effects they produce. Whole years, nay whole lives of labour and misery are spent not only with cheerfulness but with delight, in compliance with these extraordinary feelings. Other principles of action have some one peculiar object, of which the attainment or frustration will conclude at once their hopes and anxieties. But of honour alone it can be said that its pursuits and pleasures are alike interminable. When every other motive or argument is exhausted, when no other human hope or fear can apply, even then our daily experience proves that a sense of honour can subsist in its utmost vigour. When Cæsar despaired of life, he expressed by his gestures a wish to fall with dignity. But it is not only in such characters as Cæsar that we recognise its wonderful influence; it may be traced in every desire, every thought, that looks to the applause or advantage of posterity; in publick or private monuments, in anxiety for the rites of sepulture, and all those other solitudes which extend to a period when we shall ourselves be no longer sensible either to pleasure or pride. Nor can there be a greater efficacy of these exalted motives, than that the feeble perception of them which fancy can afford, (for this is all a dying man can possibly feel) is superiour to the keenest apprehension, and warmest propensities of our nature.

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But honour is not satisfied with a pre-eminence over every other feeling; it is not enough that when human laws oppose its rules, that very prohibition is considered as an additional motive. It goes still farther, it is always endeavouring to excel and transcend itself. When Bayard, the fearless and unblamed, was bleeding to death amid the ruins of France, what restrained him (since he had done his utmost duty) from accepting the assistance and compassion of the rebel Bourbon? and when the illustrious Sydney in circumstances almost parallel, displayed a still nobler self denial, no duty or even charity forbade the quenching his intolerable thirst, before he sent the water to the dying sentinel. There is, there must be in such acts of glory, a pleasure superiour to all external dangers, a high and almost spiritual exultation, elevated above the region of external pain!

Self respect, in short, is the most powerful, and one of the most useful of our mental habits; it is the principle to which the fairest actions of our nature may be most frequently traced, the nurse of every splendid and every amiable quality: how far it may be occasionally abused, or how far it may be consistent with the principles of our holy religion, are questions which have been long disputed with violent and fanatical acrimony.

The first objection I am neither prepared nor inclined to deny. To abuses human imperfection must ever be liable: nor can it be considered as a subject of blame, that only our best institutions are only a choice of evils; but that a sense of honour is contrary to the spirit of religion, though Mandeville (perhaps insidiously) admits the charge, appears, to say no more of it, a hard and hazardous objection. It will indeed, be readily allowed, that there is only one motive which can deserve the name of virtue; but to condemn as illegal or impious every other desire or principle, would be in opposition to all the wants and feelings of mankind, and would by an inevitable inference lay the axe to the root of civil government itself. Like other laws, the laws of honour are occasioned by the wants and vices of the world. Like them too they must derive their influence from the weakness of our nature. The perfectly virtuous man, if any such there be, needs no such stimulus or restriction; but for our sake,

for his own, let him not withdraw from us who are not so fortunate, those salutary restraints and penalties, which fence our virtues by our passions, and unite in the cause of human happiness the power of this world and of the next.

For a politician neither must nor can destroy the propensities he attempts to guide. He must take mankind as he finds them, a compound of violence and frailty ; he must oppose vice to vice, and interest to interest, and like the fabled Argonaut, accomplish his glorious purpose by the labour of those very monsters who were armed for his destruction.

But why, after all, should we attach the reproach of weakness or folly to feelings in themselves useful and necessary ; feelings intimately connected with our nature and which abuse alone can render criminal. Feelings in short, which are the foundation and support of all human authority, and which he therefore (in all humility be it spoken) he himself has not disdained to sanction ; whom civil government adores as her author, in whom kings reign, and princes decree justice.

Having thus ascertained (it is hoped) that a sense of honour, as a secondary motive, is consonant to the nature of mankind, and by no means adverse to the influence or doctrines of religion, the question of expediency is all that now remains for our discussion. If it shall appear on further enquiry, that in the effects produced by its action on society good predominates, (for unmixed good must not be expected) we may reasonably pronounce it not only innocent, but in a subordinate degree to virtue, laudable.

It is thus that the other modifications of self love, ambition, emulation and the like have in all ages of the world been not only tolerated, but under certain restrictions encouraged, even and praised. To a similar or a greater degree of indulgence a sense of honour may undoubtedly lay claim. It possesses in no small degree the advantages of the habits we have now enumerated without an equal participation in abuses attendant on either of them. It is true its resemblance to ambition is so remarkable that even Montesquieu himself has been deceived by the similarity. Yet notwithstanding their kindred origin, they are mental habits between which a wide difference may undoubtedly be observed.

Honour is chiefly conversant about the means: ambition disregards them in comparison with the end. The ambitious character is a conquerour thirsting after the dominions of another. The man of honour, devoid of rivalry and envy, will expend all his energies, his happiness, and life itself in defence of the fame he has already acquired. The pleasures of the one consist in pursuits, the other in possession. The first like an ardent gamester, is careless of his present acquisitions, and risks them all in the hopes of more; the other proudly satisfied with his present reputation broods over it with a miser's fondness.

Nor are their effects on society less different than the modes of their existence. Ambition is generally, perhaps fortunately, concentrated in a single pursuit. But a sense of honour enters into all the occurrences of life, and gives point and ornament to the least as well as the greatest. "*Delectat domi, foris non impedit—peregrinatur nobiscum, rusticatur;*" it is at once the parent of loyalty, and the preserver of freedom; in the camp or convent its influence is equally valuable; it adds ten-fold delight and security to the endearments of a private, and is the steady guard of virtue through the dangers of a publick life.

To such a guard indeed as this, must innocence in the present imperfect state of human virtue, be often indebted for its safety. The best intentions of the most blameless heart might often lead by imperceptible and unsuspected windings to the brink of crimes and misery. It is decency, it is a regard for reputation, and a sense of the rank we hold in society which fence off the avenues of guilt, and not only resist but resent the first approaches of pollution; never may false philosophy, or mistaken religion succeed in effacing that virtuous self love, that pure and salutary pride, which defends the peace of families, and the morality of nations; the distinctive mark and firmest support of the amiable and exalted character of woman.

But if such is the sense of honour, as displayed in the conduct of individuals; as a national and political principle, its principle is still more conspicuous and still more valuable; for here its excesses are less perceivable, and its faults (for to faults it is certainly subject,) become, like the darker tints in a landscape, con-

stituent and useful parts of the beauty and harmony of the whole. Experience indeed has shewn that in every nation, popular honour has become the parent of publick greatness. A steady preference of glory to gain, a strict, but not distrustful care of liberty, a lofty forbearance towards their weaker neighbours, and an unyielding firmness against the encroachments of the more powerful; these, with those other wholesome prejudices, which none who ever felt them, would desire to lose, are some of its more illustrious characteristicks. Such was the temper of the Athenians of old, and the Hollanders in the seventeenth century, who consented to ruin their country, rather than disgrace it. Such was the ruling principle of the Roman nation through the long history of their freedom and greatness; and such has been (and never may we entirely lose it,) the source of American grandeur and prosperity.

Nor are those minuter features to be overlooked which appear in the private manners of the people, in their amusements and literature, in the buildings, and, more perhaps than all in the popularity of those pursuits, where praise rather than profit is the expected reward.

For where in a state private luxury is excessive, and publick magnificence small; where neither in the edifices, nor in any other distinguished work posterity is at all regarded; where minute convenience succeeds to grandeur, and minute interest to ambition; let us beware how we extol the wisdom or prosperity of that country. There is not a more deadly poison to publick greatness or publick virtue, than that false and hollow moderation, which under a specious name, contracts and envenoms the force of self love, and concentrates all our faculties in the pursuit of short-sighted gain, or individual accommodation.

Nor is political insignificance the only danger to be apprehended. When a nation has once lost its self respect, when once that strong shoot is destroyed, which overtopped and kept down the more noxious weeds, the meanest and most hateful passions, assume a certain rankness of luxuriance. The laws, supported only by fear, are borne at first with reluctance, and at length evaded and

despised, and all those horrors follow which invariably haunt the decay and twilight of nations.

These are no imaginary pictures ; both the one and the other are confirmed by the uniform experience of ages. For the influence of a sense of honour is not, as Montesquieu was tempted to suppose, confined to any peculiar form of government, much less can we assent to his arbitrary assignment of patriotism (virtue he calls it) exclusively to republics, and to monarchies the distinct and appropriate impulse of honour. We know that, call it by whatever name, a sense of honour is apparent in every page of Greece and Switzerland : we know also, that the subject of a monarchy is not insensible to the warmest love for his country. The author of the spirit of laws was misled by a variety in appearance, which results not from the form, but the extension of society. Where that is small and concentrated, self respect immediately terminates in patriotism. When however, the circle is more enlarged, we seek in the distinctions and classes of mankind, in the prejudices of every person and rank, some intermediate point, some resting place of esteem more attainable by our views, and more nearly affecting our hopes and fears.

But though all the symptoms of honour are visible in the histories of Greece and Rome, they are, it cannot be concealed, very differently modified from those which now prevail, and have for many centuries prevailed in Europe. The causes of this variety are so familiarly known that they require but little discussion. Thus much however, may be observed, that extravagant as some parts of the modern code may seem, or in the conspicuous case of private warfare, perhaps unchristian, yet in the more general lines of character, in refined courtesy, in openness of courage, in loyalty and generosity to enemies, the ancient ideas of honour were far inferior.

The sullen and stately demeanour of the lofty hero of Stagyrte, his slow pace, his solemn tone, and the pompous cadence of his periods, would now be hardly considered as legitimate signs of magnanimity ; and while the meanest soldier would now shudder at the ancient warfare, the triumphs of even a Scipio himself must shrink and fade before Edward at Poitiers.

If indeed there be any who still continue to doubt the efficacy of honour, let them look to a period when no other law maintained the interests of society; let them look to the chivalry of the middle ages. It is in fact, in such times as these, it is in the season of anarchy and peril that this principle is peculiarly triumphant; and when it is considered that a large, perhaps the greatest part of the original conquerors of the western empire, were voluntary and casual adventurers; when we take into account the nature of their warfare, their ignorance and insubordination, their dissolute and mercenary habits, and the total absence of any local or patriotick attachment, when such was the situation of Europe, what else could have been expected but a total and immediate return to the crimes and miseries of a savage life?

Yet so far from this being the event we may view with wonder the virtues and refinement which succeeded. Nay more, to this period of ignorance and confusion we owe no inconsiderable share of our present blessings; from this corrupted sprung the fairest fruits of European freedom; from this chaos, those goodly frames of polity, of which England still retains the last and proudest remnant. Such were the glorious effects produced by a sense of honour as nourished and guided by the institutions of chivalry. For that those institutions depended on no other principle is apparent from all the contrivances to feed and elevate self respect, the forms and ceremonies, the distinctions and ornaments which were in fact the very essence and secret spring of their power.

The untamed and haughty warrior regarded with contempt the menace of impotent laws and a feeble sovereign; nor was he suited either by temper or capacity to attend to long declamations on the dignity of the moral sense, or the beauty of social virtue. But when he was told that cruelty was unworthy of a brave man, or that a knight should disdain falshood; when he was moved to virtue by his own admiration of himself, he heard a language which he understood, and an argument suited to his habits and desires. For every part of this wonderful fabrick is a similar process visible; it is displayed in that rigid minuteness

of courtesy, which however romantick it may seem, yet by the habits of benevolence it formed, was the cause of far greater advantages than the marshalling a procession, or preserving the harmony of a banquet. We discover it in that refined and delicate intercourse of the sexes of which the ancients had no idea; in the constancy of their attachment, and the zeal, I almost said, piety of their affection. It may be seen in that dignified humanity which so admirably tempered their native courage, which in the warmest contests and most inveterate feuds, preserved them unstained by that dark and atrocious revenge so disgraceful to the character of the ancient world. Even their single combats were surely preferable to the poisonings and murders of Rome; and in the arms of courtesy, the preparations of the lists and other precautions against bloodshed, we must acknowledge that a true knight as he was without fear, "so was he" without reproach.

And thus too was that lofty spirit of independence which claimed an almost regal dignity, turned to the maintenance of publick order. Their freedom was restrained by fealty, and to loyalty submission itself became a pride. Yet if that authority they thus adored had imposed any other inconsistent with honour, they proved at once it was the principle that swayed them, and not the form; that they obeyed themselves and not their sovereigns. When the governour of Bayonne was commanded to bear a part in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's eve, "let your orders," he replied, "be such as we are able to perform." His great soul (says Montesquieu) conceived a base action to be an impossibility; so in this same elevation of principles we may also trace that strong though untutored zeal for christianity, which, imperfect as it certainly appears, was no small advantage in the peculiar dangers of the time.

Nor though the bigotry of the feudal ages has been frequently insisted on, can we find in the general habits of the people much of that illiberal hatred with which they have been charged. The Saracens in particular seem to have been regarded with no ungenerous animosity, and in their histories and romances we often find distinguished mention of a Saladin, a Palamedes, or a Sultan

of Olifarne. But in this, as in most other points, the spirit of chivalry had a constant reference to a love of glory, and what was then believed the interest of the christian religion. "For as the priesthood was instituted for the divine service," (they are the words of Alonzo the Fifth of Portugal) so was chivalry for the maintenance of religion and justice. "A knight should be the guardian of orphans and widows, the father of the poor, and the prop of those who have no other support. They who do not act thus are unworthy to bear the name."

These glorious instances of heroick virtue, while they ought to excite our warmest emulation, evince that even the absurdities of a chivalrous sense of honour had no small effect in softening the ferocity, and refining the manners of the world. They do more, they evince that a great and beneficial change had been accomplished (a change to effect, which honour was of itself competent) by the influence of that pure religion which superstition might obscure, but could never entirely efface.

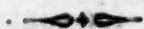
We have now attempted to follow the sense of honour through all its principal bearings; its nature, its prosperity, its effect on individuals, and above all on nations. It appears that in every age, and under every form of government, it has been productive of great though not unmingled happiness and glory. In the remarkable period of chivalry we have seen it supplying the place of law, of civilization and philosophy; and elevating the rude warriors of the north to virtues which the Greeks and Romans were unable and unworthy to comprehend. It must however, be admitted, that while we gaze at the advantages we are not to overlook the danger, and that self respect can produce no good effect unless moderate in its degree and wise in its direction.

To attain this desirable end, no means are so effectual as a deep and steady conviction of the perfect insignificance of every human motive when put in competition with the eternal claims of reason and virtue.

To a religious sense, indeed, the very praises of a sense of honour must prove its inferiority. Excellent and noble as it sometimes appears, we can only give it credit as an useful secondary motive, a powerful human engine, which derives all its

value from being employed in the cause of virtue. Even when this is the case, there is often room to apprehend that dignity may degenerate into punctiliousness, and honour into a selfish and lazy pride. Its direction is however of momentous importance; and when we consider that this must entirely depend on the desires or prejudices of those from whose opinion we form our own, we cannot expect in such local and variable laws, a steady criterion of right and wrong, or a code of general morality.

As an auxiliary impulse it may be allowed, as a final object never. There are, it should not be forgotten, there are occasions, when the friendship of the world must be rejected and despised. In the mist and obscurity of our voyage, we may be allowed the aid of human invention, and may steer our course by the time piece or the compass; but let us not forget as we value our safety, let us not forget to correct and regulate these imperfect authorities by a constant reference to those celestial lights, whose truth no man can impeach, and whose laws are the laws of eternity.



FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE BABBLER.—NO. IV.

*The Babbler criticiseth the fourth book of the Æneid or the mis-
haps of Queen Dido.*

PERHAPS many of my uncolleged readers, and many I have no doubt, will think I ought to apologize for introducing to their acquaintance any classical personage whatever; nay, they may think I have no right, to have any taste for poetry or any thing else that is either sublime or sentimental, but that I always ought to pursue common subjects, in a dog trot style, as if I had no right to ascend from their level.—To such readers, with eyes sparkling with indignation, I contemptuously reply—*First*, I will not apologize—that is altogether contrary to my rule—*secondly*, I'll be a poet when I please, or criticise poetry when it suits my

convenience,—and if they have no palate for the Muses, whether in antique garb or modern costume, all they have to do, is to shut the book and be silent or talk politicks, just which suits them the best.—To those however who never had the satisfaction of receiving the “*hunc librum*” on commencement day, if they will keep themselves quiet,—I will give some account of this *Dido* as I introduce her—although I very much doubt whether *Dido* would be willing to be introduced to them were she now on the stage of existence; but I am always for doing the thing exactly right—or in other words, I am for doing Justice to every body.—“*Fiat Justitia ruat cælum*” is my motto.

This *Dido* was born about 904 years before the Christian era, a Phenician by birth;—and if all accounts are correct, she must have been a very dashing belle, at the Court of *Pygmalion* her brother who was king of Tyre. Whether she belonged to the *dilletanti* of the day or not, is not related;—but she was very beautiful and accomplished and succeeded admirably well, with a little contrivance of her family, in setting her cap for one *Sichæus*, who was reputed the richest Phenician living.—This *Sichæus* was a very good natured man of course; for somehow or other money has a most honied influence over one’s disposition, and to oblige his wife, lived in style, dashed away at court, like a new made star and garter.—But it seems *Pygmalion* loved money too well to let him live.—He wanted his wealth, and he thought of no better way than just modestly to assassinate him; this he did in cool blood, and then with pure brotherly affection took the widow with all her goods and chattels under his immediate protection—Now whether *Sichæus*, when alive, was a babbler or not I don’t know, but certainly his Ghost was,—for one night when all the folks had gone to bed—this ghost with his face “all white and mealy,” popped into *Dido*’s chamber and told her all about it, how he had been murdered and what an avaricious dog her brother was, and advised her to make her escape; and to enable her to do it suddenly, informed her where she would find a heap of money to pay her expenses.—*Dido* was wofully frightened at seeing her husband, as it is natural to suppose most women would be; especially if they thought their husbands had come back with any

intention of staying. Dido, however, to her credit be it spoken, took up with the ghost's advice; she selected a few to be her companions, seized the hidden treasure and made the best of her way into Africa; where, if *Virgil* is correct, she bought as much land, as could be enclosed with a bull's hide;—in what manner this enclosure was made, the poet has not told us. It is natural to suppose however, from the extent of Carthage, that the hide was cut up into very small strings—in that case it would encompass a very large tract of land. Here Dido was, busy as a bee, building *Carthage*, when one *Æneas* made his appearance on the coast. This *Æneas* was a fugitive also; he had made his escape from Troy, his native city, which had been taken and sacked by the Grecians, merely because one *Paris*, a handsome young Trojan, had run away with a smart likely girl, with a Grecian nose, by the name of Helen, or in the poetical language of *Homer*, *Helena*; but runaway matches—(I presume they were married) were not allowed in those days as they are now; otherwise I am sure they would not have carried on a ten years war to avenge such a trifling insult—no, not for all the *sine qua nons* of Trojan boundaries and Grecian codfisheries into the bargain.—Now *Æneas* with all his companions made his appearance before Carthage, and was most hospitably received by the fair Widow, little thinking perhaps, when she received them, into her pallau, that, by so doing, she was doomed to forget her dear first husband and finally to put an end to her existence.—But upon the whole, Dido was not so much to blame—*Æneas* was a well built, stout, hearty fellow; besides *Venus* was his mother; with such recommendations, who could resist falling in love?—Prudes may say what they will, after all, there is something very bewitching in a handsome man,—Dido found it so—She often invited him to her table—and drank the poison of love with every glass of wine. At one of her turtle dinners she invited him to recite the story of his misfortunes.—To reward her hospitality, and to make himself agreeable, for all gallant men wish to appear well in a Lady's eye, he consented. He “ran it o'er” from the time he made his escape from his native city “to the very time she bade him tell;”—these things “to hear she would seriously in-

oline," and not permitting her house affairs to call her hence," she would day after day devour his discourse—till at last she grew frantick with love. The tragical end of this love, is sung by the poet in this fourth book, of which I am about to speak,—The book begins with the following beautiful lines, expressive of her passion during the time of his recital.

" At Regina, gravi jumdudum saucia cura,
Vulnus alit venis, et cæco carpitur igni.
Multa viri virtus animo, multusque recursat
Gentis honos; hærent infixi pectore vultus,
Verbaque; nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.
Postera Phœbea lustrabat lampade terras,
Humentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram;
Cum sic unanimem alloquitur malesana sororem:
Anna soror, quæ me suspensam insomnia terrent
Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes!
Quem sese ore ferens! quam forti pectore, et armis!
Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse Deorum.
Degeneres animos timor arguit. Heu, quibus ille
Jactatus fatis! quæ bella exhaustu canebat!
Si mihi non animo fixum, immotumque sederet,
Ne cui me vinculo vellem sociare jugali,
Postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellet;
Si non pertæsum thalami tædæque fuisset;
Huic uni forsân potui succumbere culpæ."

which the Babblers translates thus—

But a long while before his speech was done,
The Queen, poor soul, into Love's snare had run.
The manly strength of this famous hero,
And renown'd race, quite upset poor Dido.
His words, his noble phiz, hold fast her heart,
While cruel Love drives home his ev'ry dart.
Aurora now from slumber returning
Illumines the earth with Phœbus' lamp burning.
The damp shades of night had chas'd from the sky,
When Dido thus spoke to her sister hard by.
O sister *Anna* how I am frighted
With horrid dreams, and yet how delighted.
What do you think of this most famous guest?
Now saugly lodged within our walls, at rest.

How handsome he is!—O what a fellow,
 What fortitude!—'tis too much to tell—oh!
 I fully believe, nor is my faith vain,
 He's right from the gods, or else I'm insane;
 Ah!—by what troubles, helter and skelter,
 He has been tossed without help or shelter,
 How he sung too; alas how I falter!
 If I was not fix'd in my resolves strong,
 Never to marry either old or young,
 Since my first husband disappointed me
 Of my expectations in matrimony;
 Had I not been sick of the marriage bed,
 Perhaps, this hero I should like to wed.

Thus was Dido befretted, till at last she found her love pangs too hard to be borne.—Notwithstanding she had refused several Numidian princes, since she had settled in Africa; notwithstanding with praise-worthy constancy she had attached herself to the remembrance of her murdered husband; the Godlike looks and character of her recent guest drove every thing out of her head but his own dear image; hence she neglects all her new undertakings, and entirely devotes herself to Æneas and to love. By such conduct she excites the jealousy and ill will of her neighbours, particularly, of those who were envious of her charms, or wished to diminish her influence over her subjects;—they tell all manner of strange stories about her.—In describing her conduct and the envy it excited, our poet has drawn a most admirable picture of scandal,—the best, I think, that I have ever met with, in the whole course of my classical reading—

“ *Extemplo Libyæ magnas it Fama per urbes ;
 Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum,
 Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo ;
 Parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras,
 Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.
 Illam Terra parens, ira irritata Deorum,
 Extremam, ut perhibent, Cœo Enceladoque sororem
 Progenuit, pedibus celerem, et pernicious alis ;
 Monstrum horrendum, ingens ; cui, quot sunt corpore plumæ,
 Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
 Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.*

Nocte volat cœli medio, terræque per umbram
 Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno.
 Luce sedet custos, aut summi culmine tecti,
 Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes;
 Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuncia veri.
 Hæc tum multiplici populos sermone replebat
 Gaudens, et pariter facta atque infecta canebat:
 Venisse Ænean Trojano a sanguine cretum,
 Cui se pulchra viro dignetur jungere Dido;
 Nunc hiemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere,
 Regnorum immemores, turpique cupidine captos."

Or, as I have rendered it in English,—thus,

Forthwith fame, through all the city scampers,
 Fame, fiendish scandal, that hap'ness hampers;
 At first through fear, it is both weak and small,
 Then next it grows, to be both strong and tall,
 Stalks abroad on earth, as Backbiters do
 And hides its babbling head in azure blue.
 Old mother Earth, when she was swearing mad,
 Produc'd this monster, by a Titan dad;
 Swift on foot, or on her pernicious wing;
 An "*horrendum monstrum*," always tattling;
 And (O horrible) for as many feathers
 As this creature has, in most all weathers,
 So many eyes are always watching,
 So many ears are scandal catching,
 So many tongues, that always babble,
 So many mouths, in ev'ry rabble.
 At night, through earth and air she buzzes,
 Nor ever rests whilst aught to do is,
 Watchful by day—on house top perches,
 Lofty turrets, or stone built churches;
 Fills great cities with woful stories,
 And does not care for friends or foes.
 And now, rejoicing, she tells strange things,
 As how one Æneas to Dido sings,
 And whom Queen Dido, with all her charms,
 Would gladly wed;—and then,—rush to arms,
 And how in rev'ling, they pass the winter,
 And care for nothing save love, "*se inter*,"
 Unmindful of their rising kingdom,
 Enslav'd by love, and drinking slingdum.—

It seems, however, that whilst Æneas and Dido were mutually enjoying the tender passion, he was ordered by Mercury to quit Carthage; he was told he ought to be ashamed of such dallying delay;—if he had no regard for himself, he ought at least to consider his son, whom the fates had decreed to be a prodigious great man. This reproof, from such high authority, had the desired effect; he called *Mnestheus*, *Sergestus*, and the brave *Cloanthus*, and imparted to them his design to put to sea immediately. But Queen Dido smelt out his plan, (for as the poet says, who can deceive a lover,) and for his fancied baseness rebukes him. She endeavours, at first, to work upon the tender side of his heart, but failing in that, in true woman style, she fancies all her love turned into hate. How beautiful is the following wailing supplication—

“ Mene fugis? per ego has lacrymas, dextramque tuam te,
 (Quando aliud mihi jam miseræ nihil ipsa reliqui)
 Per connubia nostra, per inceptos Hymenæos;
 Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
 Dulce-meum; miserere domus labentis; et istam
 Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.
 Te propter, Libycæ gentes, Nomadumque tyranni
 Odere, insensi Tyrii; te propter eundem,
 Exstinctus pudor, et, qua sola sidera adibam,
 Fama prior: cui me moribundam deseris, hospes?
 Hoc solum nomen quoniam de conjuge restat.
 Quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum mœnia frater
 Destruat? aut captam ducat Gætulus Iarbas?
 Saltem, si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
 Ante fugam soboles; si quis mihi parvulus aula
 Luderet Æneas, qui te tantum ore referret;
 Non equidem omnino capta aut deserta viderer.”

The above lines I have translated thus—

And will you fly me?—By these flowing tears,
 By thy plighted right hand, and head and ears,
 (Since I have nought left to myself forlorn)
 By our nuptial rites and loves just begun:
 If I have heretofore deserved thy duty,
 Or, if in poor me you ever saw beauty,
 Pity, I implore thee, my falling race,
 And for me, lay aside thy wild goose chase.

Hatred I have incurred for thy dear sake
 Of ev'ry Numid'an and Tyr'an rake ;
 For thee my honour was made a sacrifice,
 And what has justly rais'd me to the skies,
 My former Fame.—
 For whom dost thou abandon poor Dido?
 Ah! wouldst thou think, cruel guest, as I do,
 Then in thee should I possess a husband.
 But what wait I for—Is it till my land
 Shall be laid waste by stern Pygmalion?
 Or *Iarbus* make me a *Getulian*?
 Had I before thy flight offspring by thee,
 Had I a young *Æneas* to play on my knee,
 To shew me your image, when thou wast gone,
 Methinks, I should not be quite so undone.

It is said, poets make the greatest lovers, and from the following lines I am inclined to think the remark correct.—I imagine Virgil himself must have felt the calorick of love, otherwise he could not have, so forcibly, described its effect upon Dido, after she had discovered by the movements of the Trojans, that *Æneas* was in reality determined to leave Carthage—

“ Quis tibi tunc, Dido, cernenti talia sensus?
 Quosve dabas gemitus, cum litora fervere late
 Prospiceres arce ex summa, totumque videres
 Misceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus æquor?
 Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis!
 Ire iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando
 Cogitur, et supplex animos submittere amor;
 Ne quid inexpertum, frustra moritura, relinquat.
 Anna, vides toto properari litore circum;
 Undique convenere; vocat jam carbasus auras,
 Puppibus et læti nautæ imposuere coronas.”

Ah! unhappy Dido, what sensations,
 Ah! what groans, what painful respirations!
 When thou beheldest from thy lofty tow'rs,
 In wide extent fill'd, the loud bustling shores,
 Saw full in thy view, the whole wat'ry plain
 Cover'd with crews never to see again;—
 Oh imperious love, how unrelenting,
 How irresistible, in heart fermenting!!—

She's once more constrain'd to recur to tears,
 Once more to assail him with suppl'ant pray'rs,
 Such is thy effect O love!—

Dido, having found, that her own tears and entreaties were unavailing, besought her sister to try her luck upon his obdurate heart.—But her sister was equally unfortunate. Æneas in spite of tears, love pangs or darts, was bent upon going to sea. Then indeed poor Dido determined on death, and after having made every arrangement, such as erecting a funeral pile, &c. (whether she made a will, or not, the poet does not relate, indeed, I believe people who die for love, never make wills) she, actually, with malice aforethought, committed suicide!—Thus, my readers, did the widow Dido “kick the bucket.”—Oh Love, Love, Love!!! how mighty thou art.—How thou dost bewitch and besnare us, and when once thou dost get us within thy devouring jaws, how thou dost destroy us, yea, as a “ramping and roaring lion.”—As a horse champeth his bits, so does man the quid of love, if he attempts to swallow, it sticketh in his crop—yea, it clingeth to his heart,—like as a bramble, to the fleecy side of a tender lambkin.—And yet how often it is the gold and silver of existence, as well as the lead.—It is life, it is death.—It is, as old Will Shakespeare says, the “be all, and the end all here”—had it not been for love, Dido would have lived: and perhaps Carthage, as Rome has done, would have given laws to the world: but as our poet says “*amor vincit omnes, et nos cedamus amori.*”

In reflecting upon the tragical end of Dido, one's mind naturally recurs to the horrid dangers of falling into love.—O ye pretty maidens, let me pathetically entreat you, never to have any thing to do with cruel captivating man—You stand, as it were upon a precipice, whilst a horrid gulf yawns beneath—but one step, and you are lost forever. But if ye find it too hard to cultivate the soil of “single blessedness”—let me advise you never to give away your hearts 'till marriage is offered. It is time enough to love when you are certain of being loved in return; the honey of matrimony cannot always heal the wounds of the “stricken deer.” Be careful then, and let not the arrow penetrate the heart, till a remedy is provided for its cure.—But as for you, O ye old

Bachelors, who are cooped up, like an oyster, within the shell of your own insensibility, or indulging your whimsicalities like a glass bottom'd hypochondriack—Oh that my goose quill was dipped in Idalian witchery, how I would tease you,—every word I wrote should produce a love pang.—I would make a Volcano of your bosoms, and then, Oh! what eruptions of love and lava there should be!—To you, I say, it belongs, to hear of the horrors of the unconnubial state!—notwithstanding your hearts are as cold as a snow bank, let me tell you such frigid dispositions do you no honour. You ought to consider the unprotected state of the “weaker vessel,” and to guard it from the misdoers of this wicked world. Bestir yourselves then—and if you are not too besotted to regard your own happiness, be, as you ought to be, protectors to innocence.—But to return to my subject. I shall not investigate the pretended anachronism, which many have asserted our poet to be guilty of, in making Æneas and Dido contemporary. That business Sir *Isaac Newton* has done before me—what he has said must satisfy every reasonable man that they must have lived in the same age.

It seems that the poet had two great objects in view in this book,—the one to shew the power of love, and the fickleness of woman,—the other, the passive obedience of his hero to the fates, and thereby an energy of character requisite to resist self gratification—hence we see Dido falling a prey to love; and hence we hear Mercury say “*Varium et mutabile semper Femina.*” Woman is always fickle and mutable, while on the other hand we see Æneas resolute and obedient—leaving a good dinner and a good glass of wine, as it were untouched, rather than waste time in eating it. The poet has made him very susceptible to the tender passion—yet he has given him energy to overcome it, when its indulgence was incompatible with the destinies of his fate.—I think, however, the poet has not given Dido a fair chance. He has made Æneas avail himself of her hospitality—to coax her to fall in love with him, and then to leave her in the limbos. It would have left a more favourable impression, if he had contrived to have linked them together and then have permitted them to have gone off so—more especially after she had

made such sacrifices—but that I suppose was *his* business—he had a right to make them do what he pleased—and as I do not feel very quarrelsome, I'll let it go so——To sum all my ideas in a lump, I consider this Virgil's best book.



JEREMY TAYLOR.

It is an unfortunate, though too just reflection on the world, that the fame of that beauty which is inseparably connected with that which is useful and good, is less durable than that which has for its object amusement alone. To this may probably be ascribed the neglect into which the once renowned productions of Taylor, the "Shakspeare of divinity," have fallen, whose memory may derive a transient interest from the following sketches extracted from the animated eulogies of his cotemporaries.

JEREMY TAYLOR was born at Cambridge, and brought up in the free school there, and was prepared for the university afore custom would allow of his admittance; but by the time he was thirteen years old, he was entered into Caius college, and as soon as he was graduate, he was chosen fellow. Had he lived among the antient Pagans, he had been ushered into the world with a miracle, and swans must have danced and sung at his birth; and he must have been a great hero, and no less than the son of Apollo, the God of wisdom and eloquence.

He knew little more of a state of childhood, than its innocency and pleasantness. From the university, by that time he was master of arts he removed to London, and became publick lecturer in the church of St. Paul's, where he preached to the admiration and astonishment of his auditory; and by his florid and youthful beauty, and sweet and pleasant air, and sublime and raised discourses, he made his hearers take him for some young angel, newly descended from the regions of glory. The fame of this new star that outshone all the rest of the firmament, came to the notice of the great Archbishop of Canterbury, who would needs have him preach before him, which he performed not less to his

wonder than satisfaction ; his discourse was beyond exception, and beyond imitation : yet the wise prelate thought him too young ; but the great youth humbly begged his grace to pardon that fault, and promised, if he lived he would *mend it*. However, the grand patron of learning and ingenuity thought it for the advantage of the world that such mighty parts should be afforded better opportunity of study and improvement, than a course of constant preaching could allow of, and to that purpose he placed him in his own college of "All-Souls," in Oxford ; where love and admiration still waited upon him, which so long as there is any spark of ingenuity in the hearts of men, must needs be the inseparable attendants of such extraordinary truth and sweetness. He had not been long here, before he had the Rectory of Uppingham, and was made chaplain to King Charles, of blessed and immortal memory. Thus were preferments heaped upon him, but still less than his deserts : and that not through the fault of his masters, but because the amplest temporal honours or rewards were poor, compared with the greatness of his merit ; whose reputation will still grow as the world grows greater and wiser. The Bishoprick of Down and Connor and Dromore were conferred on him, and he was made a privy counsellor, and vice chancellor, which offices he kept to his dying day. Thus having given you a brief account of his life, you will expect a character of his person ; but it will befall him, as it does all glorious subjects, that are but disparaged by a commendation. One thing I am secure of, that I shall not speak hyperboles, for the subject can hardly be reached. He was none of God's ordinary works, but his endowments were so many and great as really made him a miracle.

He was of a most mild and obliging humour, of great candour and integrity, and there was so much of salt and fineness in his wit, and prettiness of address in his familiar discourse, as made his conversation have all the pleasantness of a comedy and the usefulness of a Sermon. His soul was made up of harmony, and he never spake but he charmed his hearers—not only with the clearness of his reason, but his tones and cadences were strangely musical. But that which did most of all captivate, was the gaiety and richness of his fancy ; for he had much in him

of that natural enthusiasm that inspires all great poets and orators. Nothing but the greatness of his judgment, could have kept his fancy within bounds and measure.

And indeed it was a rare mixture, and a single instance hardly to be found in one age; for there is a general compliance required for wit, and judgment, and fancy. And yet you found all these in their greatest perfection and eminency. He ingeniously sought for truth among all the wrangling schools, believing that God always only teaches docile and ingenuous minds, that are willing to hear and ready to obey according to their light, and that it is impossible that a pure, humble, Godlike soul, should be kept out of heaven, whatever mistakes it should be subject to in this state of mortality. He was impartial in his disquisitions, and contended for truth and not for victory.

He was a rare humanist, and largely versed in all the polite arts of learning; and had thoroughly concocted all the ancient moralists, Greek and Roman poets and orators; and was not unacquainted with the refined poets of the later ages, whether French or Italian. But he had not only the accomplishments of a gentleman. So universal were his parts, that they were proportioned to every thing; and though his spirit and humour were made up of smoothness and gentleness, yet he could bear with the roughness of the schools, and was not unseen in their subtleties and sinuosities. But he thought many of them near a kin to the knight of the Mancha, and would make sport sometimes with the romantick sophistry and phantastick adventures of school errantry. But religion and virtue is the cream of all other accomplishments; and it was the glory of this great man to be thought a Christian. He was possessed of great humility, and notwithstanding his extraordinary parts and learning, and eminency of place, he had nothing in him of pride and humour, but was courteous and affable and easy of access, even to the importunities of the meanest of persons. To sum up all in a few words, this great prelate had the good humour of a gentleman, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the activity of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, the wisdom of a counsellor, the sagacity of a prophet, the reason of an angel, and

the piety of a saint: he had devotion enough for a cloister, learning enough for a university, and wit enough for a college of virtuosi; and had his parts and endowments been parcelled out among his poor clergy, that he left behind him, it would perhaps have made one of the best Diocese in the world. But alas, he is gone, and has carried his mantle and his spirit along with him up to Heaven.

He died at Lysburne, August 13th, 1667.



THE ADELPHIAD.—No. CXVI.

The subject of the last Adelphiad concluded.

VAST as is the field of poetry, and unlimited but by the limits of animate and inanimate nature, it would be a vain attempt, in a brief essay, to course through even that part of it which has been cultivated by the genius of man. In such an essay, therefore, a comparison discriminating each individual production of this luxuriant region is no more to be accomplished than expected. If, in comparing one class with another, the leading features, and the causes of resemblance or difference are mentioned, the enquiry can be continued to any degree of minuteness, in the minds of those who may be interested in the subject. And any hints, contained in such a general view, which seem unsupported by received opinion, may, at least, have the good effect of promoting investigation and creating a distrust in the absolute authority of prejudice.

Great art, the result of indefatigable labour, is conspicuous in all the distinguished poetical compositions of the ancients. From this arise the full rolling periods, and “the sound that seems an echo to the sense”—of Homer; the smooth and elegant diction of Hesiod; the round and polished verse, the sweet and regular cadence, the rich and magnificent phraseology of Virgil. It is also found in the artificial arrangement, the “sesquipedalia verba,” swelling and measured diction, and the unconditional observance of the unities, displayed in the ancient tragick writings.

The successful development of art and skill, and especially in the decoration of subjects intrinsically delightful, is always productive of a high degree of pleasure. But art can do no more than embellish the conceptions of a poetick imagination—it cannot create them. The decision of one of the best Latin criticks has never been appealed from—

“ Poeta nascitur, non fit.*”

The Grecian tragick muse, nurtured by the inventive, but wild, improbable and almost unintelligible Æschylus, and afterwards deriving tenderness and pathos from the ridiculed Euripides, majesty and strength from his *indefatigable* rival Sophocles, still receives, in the closets of the learned, a similar homage of admiration with that which was wont to be offered in the theatres of a people long since passed away. But, of the two hundred and eighty five tragedies written by the three last mentioned poets, only thirty-three have reached our times. It may not, therefore, be correct to judge of what are lost by what remains. Those of Sophocles and Euripides abound in select and polished diction, and all of them are interspersed with fine, and often sublime sentiments respecting martial virtue, freedom and friendship. Blasphemy, however, does not seem to have been considered so great a sin as in our day. The subjects are similar to those of the Epicks, but they are not open to so much objection on account of the machinery. In all of them the precedence is generally granted to those virtues which the refined taste of a highly cultivated age places in the secondary rank; and the praise of virtue is given to some qualities which subsequent morality condemns as criminal. Euripides is most successful on the theme of Love. But he treats it, as all ancient poets seem to have considered it, less as generous and delicate sentiment, than as a violent and sensual passion. In fine, we discover in the ancient tragedies great perfection of system, pathos as well as loftiness of expression, sentences nobly constructed, and descriptions highly wrought—but the fire of a creative imagination, a deep insight into the principles of human nature,

* The genius of a poet is born with him, not inculcated by education.

originality and profundity of thought, refinement of feeling, and imagery drawn from the stores of extensive information seem to be more successfully developed in a later period.

Those writers among the moderns who have adopted the rules of the ancient tragedy, have discovered that these rules are not founded in immutable principles of human nature, since they will not please all ages. The *Caractacus* and the *Cato*, though written by men of great genius, will ever be confined to the closet, while the dramas of Shakspeare, Schiller, Otway and Rowe are occupying the stage and receiving the thousand times repeated plaudits of the people.

Comedy is, in the present age, hardly deemed a province of poetry. In the Greek and Roman ages, however, it possessed more of the poetick character; and the comick, took due rank amongst the other muses, indulging herself in a fanciful variety of drapery and expression—from the coarse, but witty and sarcastick buffoonery of Aristophanes, to the more chaste and elegant sentiment of Terence and Menander. The pieces of these last abound in beautiful passages and delightful specimens of natural simplicity. They want only a more fertile invention to make them the finest in the world.

The only pretension of Satirick verse to the name of Poetry, is its measure. Sublime and beautiful images are almost strangers to its pages—its distinctive features are causticity and wit. And in these the palm has been deliberately yielded by the judicious to Pope, to the exclusion even of Horace, the long undisputed champion of the satirick muse. And Byron, bursting like a lion in the fullness of unexpected vigour and resource from the slumbers of his den, filling with mingled dismay and veneration the minds of those who had insultingly encompassed him with too incautious triumph, will hardly find a prototype among the satirick giants of antiquity. In didactick and philosophick verse, Boileau, Beattie, Akenside and Pope, will not suffer in comparison with Ovid, Horace, Virgil or Lucretius; whether we consider depth of reasoning, explicitness and elegance of expression or variety and luxuriance of poetick imagery. And while the English “*Seasons*” and German “*Idyls*” remain, the moderns will

not want pretensions to equality with the ancients in Pastoral Poetry.

It is in the lyrics and odes of the ancients that we find the true poetick fire occasionally blazing out with the most distinct brilliance, and softened by the most touching tenderness. The lyre of Pindar, whose golden strings seemed to be swept by the genius of sublimity itself, and the song of Sappho that breathed luxuriance and pathos, resounding indistinctly through successive ages, have, by some, been felt, and by all, allowed, as scarcely less than divine. Yet the critick taste, perhaps too fastidious, finds many causes of offence in both. There is too much sameness and repetition in the sublime images of Pindar. And we cannot but regret the perversion of that talent which, submitting itself to be guided by the taste of the times, wastes its vigour upon subjects far below the level of its sublimity. The luxuriance of Sappho was not always chaste. And in the most admired of her productions now extant, in which the passion of Love, her favourite subject, is described, the description, beautiful as it is, contains only a display of external appearances, without attempting the more difficult task of delineating mind. The other ancient Lyrick writings, although more voluminous, are not so spirited as these, and perhaps derive great part of the value they now possess, from the consideration that they are monuments of the manners and refinement of antiquity. But if either the modern or the ancient productions in this department were to be lost from the scrolls of science, we should not long hesitate in our choice of the victim. The *Pollio* of Virgil would hardly compensate for the *Messiah* of Pope—Nor should we, in the odes upon Chariot races, the *Anacreontick*, amatory or secular odes of Athenian or Augustan times, find complete remuneration for the noble effusions of Dryden, Gray, Milton, Klopstock, Goldsmith, Gesner, Burns, Petrarch, and the winnowed profusion of Moore.

In taking this hasty view of ancient poetry, we have endeavoured to discard the magnifying medium of intervening ages, and to bring the subject side by side with that of which we have more familiar conceptions. The difficulty of effecting this, ren-

ders it none the less necessary, in the formation of a correct estimate. The eventful lapse of years and centuries, is productive, in itself, of a most sublime emotion. And this sublimity, is very naturally reflected upon the objects with which its cause is connected. But the indulgence of this as a pleasure is all we should allow ourselves: it ought not to influence our decisions upon the intrinsic merit of past productions.

The subjects of ancient verse were, from the limitation of correct knowledge, more confined, and their illustrations drawn from resources less deep and various, than those of the modern. Artificial and arbitrary systems, took place of a just development of the laws of creation; systems which, in sublimity and beauty, bore the same proportion to the splendid order of nature, as the halting operations of human skill bear to the uncontrollable movements of Divinity. This observation may be illustrated by comparing the celebrated song of Iopas with the strains of Akenside, whose aspiring harp seems to resound in unison with the harmony of celestial orbs.

By the most strenuous admirers of ancient poetry, it cannot be denied that the modern has taken a wider scope, and drawn its materials from more extensive and profound resources. The imagination of the Poet, guided by the lode star of Science, has explored the immense of nature, through secret mines of beauty and superiour spheres of sublimity, that did not enter into the dreams of the ancient world. And not only has Fancy been taught to revel in regions of nature before unknown, fertile in images of serenity and terror, of stupendous action and voluptuous repose: but art has displayed her thousand busy halls, fervid with little short of creative power, and crowded with images of novelty and beauty, moulded by the fingers of fantastick elegance, or resting in the stately majesty of grandeur. Philosophy, with clear and inextinguishable flame, has, like the lamp of Aladdin, conducted the adventurer to hidden treasures, that overwhelm him with astonishment at their extent and splendour. While pure Religion, which surpasses all other subjects in noble and affecting images, having burst from the shackles of superstition and the shades of obscurity, stands revealed in brightness

original and divine, the celestial mirrour of the attributes of God. From these grand resources has the modern poetick page been copiously supplied with the finest and most exalted sentiments.

In the early customs of resuscitated Europe there was much to favour the generation and expansion of poetick fancy. The brave and independent habits of the feudal barons, their ardent love of fame, their chivalrick gallantry und generosity, their extensive patronage and liberal hospitality, their gorgeous tilts and tournaments, abounding in romantick adventure and splendid exhibition, all tended to foster the slumbering fire of song. The white beard of the ancient family harper was an indispensable ornament in every princely hall, and the roving minstrel every where found a home. The northern Mythology crowded the imagination with bold and striking images. The wildness of uncultivated nature, the incidents and observations of a wandering life, the prevalent freedom and frequent peculiarity of character, filled the romantick minds of the bards with themes for many a simple and interesting story. And, like morning dreams, which are usually rich and fanciful, these early productions, display a vigour and exuberance of imagination that a little critical pruning has, in some instances, rendered delightful to a more polished age. In reference to poetry we may say of the modern world that it has had the good fortune to blend the visions of its mental morning with the pleasing recollections of preceding day, enriching and beautifying both with the more splendid images revealed by a sun of still brighter radiance : So that the poetry of the present day is composed of three original kinds, and exhibits, at once, the stately magnificence of antiquity, the wild and fanciful simplicity of troubadours and minstrels and the force, refinement and extensive range of modern genius.

From the grave of chivalry have arisen two spirits of purity that promise to be immortal—Honour, keenly alive and indignant at the slightest breath of blemish—and virtuous Love, whose tears of tenderness stand repressed in her eye by sensitive delicacy of soul. The influence of these in the productions of modern poets is conspicuous and enchanting. The ancients have no term to express what we understand by a fine sense of honour. And

they do not appear to have been acquainted with a sentiment answerable to that refined and virtuous enthusiasm of love, which is found in the later poets and novelists of reputation. Yet the fertility of these noble themes in those images of the beautiful and sublime that belong to human character, no man of taste will question. Neither will it be questioned that the delineation of human character affords the finest employment for the poetick pen. No one will hesitate how to apportion his admiration in comparing the character of Æneas with that of Wallace, as portrayed in one of the best of those compositions which have all the soul of poetry, though destitute of the measured form. And who is there that feels such exquisite emotion from a contemplation of the indelicate and publick ravings of Dido's passion, as is excited by the purer sentiment of Shakespeare's heroine, who "never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on her damask cheek"?

These are some of the sources of modern superiority. These, glowing in the rapid fervour of Byron, breathing in the easy minstrelsy of Scott, or flowing in the more classick elegance of Goldsmith and Pope—mingling with the fire of our vernacular dramas and odes, or respiring in the tenderness of foreign verse, are ever successful in kindling refined enthusiasm, and invigorating the better feelings of the heart.

Without detracting, therefore, from the beauty and value of ancient poetry, we may, perhaps, be allowed distinctly to state our opinion, that the modern possesses superiour powers for delighting the imagination and feasting the intellect.



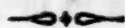
THE ANALOGY BETWEEN THE SOUND OF WORDS AND THEIR MEANING.

IT frequently happens, that, in reading the Latin and English languages, we find words, the sound of which, is an echo of their sense; the *sound* of the word conveys to the mind the same idea, that the word itself does. This, in one respect, is the language of nature, in as much as it is probable, that *certain* words

which convey certain ideas first originated and were adopted from certain sounds caused by natural objects. As a proof of this take the word CRASH, any one, who will attend to the *sound* of this word, will readily perceive, it resembles the falling of a heap of ruins, or of a tree in a forest; we cannot pronounce this word without making the same noise or sound the falling of a tree does—and it is likely the one was caused by the other. In the 7th Book of Virgil's *Æneid* in the 538th line, there is another striking instance of this.

“*Quinque greges illi BALANTUM quina redibant armenta*”—Who can pronounce the word BALANTUM, without making the same sound that bleating lambs do? which is its signification—The serpentine form of the letter S, and the hissing sound we are obliged to make in pronouncing it, is evidence of its derivation—and numberless other instances might be adduced.

This analogy between nature and art, may account why certain words are made use of, in preference to any other to convey certain ideas—This resemblance between sound and signification is probably the foundation of every language.



FOR THE REPOSITORY.

SELECTION OF USEFUL MAXIMS. No. III.

THE sentiments and inclinations of a well educated person may, in some measure, be compared to a tree whose branches have been pruned and trimmed by an expert gardiner, and which retains in its growth and appearance, ever after, an air of symmetry and proportion.

A free and candid disposition passes current with all men; it is like a present of light weight and rich value, which the receiver may carry about him without trouble: but the superiour parts of others are frequently like a burden, which we bear through mere necessity.

Self-love benumbs and deadens all sensation for others. While we fancy ourselves secure, we set their welfare at a distance

from our thoughts ; as the owners of a cargo who have insured their property, are indifferent about the fate of the vessel.

The company of wits is courted ; but we prefer the intimacy of a man of thoughtfulness and reflection. The most we can promise ourselves from the former, is diversion and merriment ; but we depend on the latter for solid substantial services. The first is like sunshine without rain, pleasant but unprofitable : the second, like a moist but fertile climate, which, though cloudy and less enlivening, yet repays the dweller with plenty.

It were paying too great a compliment to dissimulation to give it a name among the virtues. 'Tis, with respect to them, what a privy door is to the principal gate of a palace ; the passage through which is publick and honourable, while the other is used for meaner intercourse.



ANECDOTE.

A COUNSELLOR of Grenada having refused to pay the sum of one hundred pistoles, for an image of St. Antonio de Padua, which Cano, a Spanish Artist, had made for him, he dashed the Saint into pieces on the pavement of his academy, whilst the stupid Counsellor was reckoning up how many pistoles per day Cano had earned whilst the work was in hand : you have been five-and-twenty days carving this image of St. Antonio, said the niggardly arithmetician, and the purchase money demanded being one hundred, you have rated your labour at the exorbitant price of four pistoles per day, whilst I, who am Counsellor and your superiour, do not make half your profits by my talents !— Wretch, cried the enraged Artist, to talk to me of your talents— *I have been fifty years learning to make this statue in twenty-five days*, and so saying he flung it with the utmost violence upon the pavement. The affrighted Counsellor escaped out of the house with the utmost precipitation, concluding that the man, who was bold enough to demolish a Saint, would have very little remorse in destroying a Lawyer.

Original Poetry.



To an afflicted Mother on the death of a lovely Daughter.

WHERE is the lovely flower
Good stranger, tell me where,
Which, blooming in the bower,
Seemed fairest of the fair.

Once I declared its form
Would yield a rich perfume,
When life's glad sun should warm
And cherish early bloom !

Where is the gem so gay
Which on earth's bosom laid,
Still glitter'd in the day
And sparkled in the shade ?

Once I declared its beams
Would shine on virtue's breast,
And science steal its gleams
To grace her brilliant crest.

Where is the rill so clear,
Whose murmurs sighed along
In gentle ripplings here
Soft as a fairy song ?

Once I declared that love
Would there delight to lave,
And friendship's gentle dove
Dive joyous in its wave.

Lady, this earth was too cold for the flower ;
An angel has cropt it and flown to the sky !

More lovely it blooms in a heavenly bower,
And its dew is a tear of a Saviour on high!

Lady, the ruby that glittered below,
By misfortune and sorrow would oft have been driven;
An angel has placed it from every woe
In the crown of a God, with its Maker in heaven.

Lady, the stream that has rippled along
Was oft by the clouds of midnight concealed;
An angel has gathered its murmuring song,
And it rolls at the feet of a Saviour revealed.

Lady, not long shall you mourn for that flower,
In heaven its beauty shall rise on your view;
Resign'd then, look forward to that blissful hour
When, fair as the light, 'twill be given to you.



TO ALEXIS F——

AH, now indeed my heart is desolate,
Tortured by love, its doom, eternal wo;
Its last hope, wrested from relentless fate,
Now dash'd to earth—Alexis gives the blow!

O, could'st thou feel how fond this anguish'd heart
Relied on friendship to restore its peace;
Or e'er had'st known the woes that love impart,
Tortures which only end when life shall cease;

Then surely, thou had'st spared this blow severe,
Had'st soothed with kindest tones the pangs I feel;
Nor talk'd of love, but mingled sigh and tear;
Friendship alone had power my heart to heal.

O, once I thought that Collin was my own,
For him alone I lived, or wish'd to live—
O memory! that with him thou too had'st flown!
Thy faithful glass does added torture give.

Thou talk'st of love, Alexis; O thou know'st
Not half its power—its language scarce hast learned;

Thine eye reveals it not, thy heart, at most
But fancies that it loves, it may be turn'd

E'en yet to friendship's sacred hallowed flame,
And peace may still be yours, *may* yet be *mine*;
No longer strive your passion to misname,
But offer Love at darling Friendship's shrine.

CYNTHIA.



TO A LADY

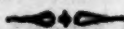
On her presenting the Author with a Rose.

THANK thee, dear maid, for this sweet rose ;
I'll place it on my bosom ; where
It shall enjoy a safe repose,
Until it droops and withers there :

And when it fades, and droops, and dies,
I will preserve it still with care ;
Nor let the gift I so much prize,
It spicy fragrance waste on air.

And when its relics dear I view,
The sacred treasure I will bless—
Inhale its balm, and think of you—
For thou art *rosy* loveliness.

ANTHOS.



LINES

In imitation of Goldsmith's "Simplicity."

CAN all the hoards of Peru's wealth,
One moment peace impart ?
Can honours or the pride of health
Chase sorrow from the heart ?

They're gildings all, whose specious show
 Lure only minds at ease ;
 But when the heart's oppress'd with woe,
 They lose their power to please.

No earthly charms can soothe the mind,
 Like Friendship's sacred balm ;
 Yet where can wealth and honours find
 A heart with feeling warm ?

Then lowly rather let me be,
 I'll bid adieu to pride ;
 If friends and heartfelt sympathy
 My alter'd fortunes guide,

Content shall gild my little cot,
 And every wish restrain ;
 Happy, though poverty my lot,
 If I a friend retain.

But long before his alter'd eye
 Shall shew esteem at end,
 Beneath the cold turf, may I lie,
 Nor live—and lose my friend.

A. E. I. O. &c.



SACRED LOVE OF SONG.

SMIT with the sacred love of song
 I give the world a passage free ;
 Nor hoards of gold nor battle throng,
 Nor glory's crown have charms for me.

And nightly o'er my pillow'd head,
 Celestial forms are seen to move ;
 And from their golden harps they shed
 Sounds which had charm'd in Eden's grove.

Now come again each heavenly form,
 And let me hear your harps again ;
 Then though without the wild winds storm,
 'Tis heavenly harmony within.

I see, I see, the seraph quire
 On buoyant clouds of ether sail,
 And as they strike the golden wire
 They fling their voices to the gale.

Sweet visions of supreme delight,
 Thus always o'er my pillow play ;
 And let me feel my hours of night,
 Be better than the worldling's day.



THE CREATION OF MAN.

WHEN the Almighty was about to create man
 He summoned before him the angels of his attributes, the watches of his
 dominions :—

They stood in council around his hidden throne.
 Create him not ! said the angel of Justice—
 He will not be equitable to his brethren, he will oppress the weaker.
 Create him not ! said the angel of Peace—
 He will manure the earth with human blood ;
 The first born of his race shall be the slayer of his brother.
 Create him not ! said the angel of Truth—
 He will defile the sanctuary with falshood ;
 Though thou should'st stamp on his countenance
 Thy image, the seal of confidence.

Thus spake the angels of the attributes of Jehovah :—
 When Mercy, the youngest and dearest child of the Eternal
 Arose, and clasping his knees—
 Create him ! Father, said she, in thy own likeness,
 The darling of thy loving kindness—
 For when all men forsake him, I will seek and support him,
 And turn his thoughts to good.
 Should he depart from Justice, from Peace, and from Truth,
 The consequences of his wandering shall deter him from repeating them
 And gently lead him to amendment.
 Because he is weak I will incline his bowels to compassion
 And his soul to atonement.

The Father of all gave ear, and created man
 A weakly faltering being—

Being but in his faults, the pupil of Mercy,
 The son of an ever acting and ameliorating love.—
 Remember, Oh man! thy origin
 When thou art hard and unkind towards thy brethren,
 Mercy alone willed thee to be;
 Love and Pity cherished thee in their bosoms.



CHILLING THOUGHT.

THERE is a thought that comes with power,
 The brightest glow of joy to chill;
 Hangs its dark shade o'er pleasure's bower,
 And rankles e'en 'mid raptures thrill.

It owns no holy spell of might,
 No time nor place but knows its sway;
 The world's career—the calm of night—
 Devotion's pause—the din of day;

No scene is safe! to bitter tears
 It turns each smile by pleasure given;
 Casts its cold gloom o'er future years,
 And mingles with my hope of heaven.

Of heaven! alas, while still this grief
 Forms part of whatsoe'er I be,
 Where is the death can bring relief,
 Or where the heaven of peace for me?

L.

ERRATUM.

In the last number of the Repository, p. 455, in the third line from top,
 for "John Paget," read Henry Paget.